

The Critic

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Mexico To-Day.

JUST NOW, when a good many people are waking up to the fact that Mexico is not an inaccessible region over beyond Crim-Tartary, but a country whose border line may be crossed in ninety-six hours' travel from New York, books about Mexico possess a real interest that they certainly did not possess a dozen years ago. Ward's, and Poinsett's, and Brantz Mayer's capital works are virtually unknown, for they had the misfortune to be written in that far-off time 'before the War'; but half-a-dozen new books are advertised in the newspapers, and people are reading them with avidity. The latest of these are 'Old Mexico and her Lost Provinces,' by Mr. W. H. Bishop, and 'Mexico and the Mexicans,' by young, very young, Mr. Howard Conkling. It is enough to say of Mr. Conkling's little production that it is nicely printed, and that Messrs. Taintor Brothers, Merrill & Co. have done what they could to facilitate the turning of the pages by gilding their top edges. Mr. Bishop's book does not need this factitious aid to easy reading. It is made up, mainly or wholly, from the papers on Mexico and our own south-western country which he has published during the past year or so in *Harper's*; and with the text Messrs. Harper & Bros. have reproduced the pictures, from sketches by the author himself, which accompanied his articles in the magazine. It is rather the serious—though not the statistical—than the ornamental side of Mexico that he has laid hold upon; and he has made, on the whole, a good presentment of the social, commercial and political life of the country as it exists to-day—a presentment that will increase in value, rather than diminish, as time wears on, and the great changes which the American railroads are working become accomplished facts.

What Mr. Bishop most conspicuously has missed are certain of the lighter characteristics of the people that yet play a very important part in determining the nation's destiny. There is a happy-go-luckiness about Mexico that endears it vastly to travellers of the rolling-stone persuasion who drift into it from the severer civilization of other lands. It really is a country wherein taking thought for the morrow is a dreadful waste of time—for when the morrow comes, most of the anticipated conditions have turned into something else, and a whole outfit of afterthoughts is required to set one's forethoughts in available working order. The careless traveller—who in a small way is free to regard himself also as a philosopher—therefore makes no great effort to control his future: with a restful faith in his lucky star he settles down into a placid acceptance of the unexpected, and holds himself at all times in readiness to welcome the unforeseen.

Possibly because Mexico is made after this fashion—so

unlike that of our own precisely-ordered land—there seems to be a rather better chance for the average American tourist to work his way through the eye of a needle than for him to work into his understanding an appreciative knowledge of the Mexican people and their modes of thought. Conversely, the average Mexican is wont to regard the eager, restless beings, who descend upon him from the region north of the Rio Grande, in the light of curious, and eminently disagreeable, human phenomena—as strange creatures, who (for their sins, probably) are bedevilled with an unwholesome activity that makes their lives a burden to them, and themselves a source of anxiety and annoyance to any respectably quiet people among whom they come. A Mexican servant, for instance, calmly smoking his corn-husk *cigarito*, will regard his American master by the hour together in gentle wonderment of what he may do next. And this sort of feeling is not pleasing to the servant: it takes away a good deal of his comforting belief in the fixity of things—especially sapping his faith in the stability of that portion of matter which is inherent in himself.

The servant, of course, is an extreme instance. In the higher classes of Mexican society, in the region of intelligence, the *Americano* is not held to be quite so much of a monstrosity; but even here he is very much at odds with the established order of things. There is a languid ease about life in Mexico that the American traveller—save he have in him a good-sized streak of what he himself would call down-right laziness—cannot get used to. This is not merely in social life, but in business life. A Mexican man-of-affairs moves on the lines of his business with somewhat of that apparent disregard of the value of time that characterizes the precession of the equinoxes. His daily life is not work relieved by rest, but just the other way. Through long periods he rests; and at times he works a little. In the middle of each day of this not over-severe activity he wholly abandons for three or four hours even the appearance of toil. At high noon the shutters of his counting-house go up, and he himself retires to the bosom of his family, and with a wholesome slowness disposes of his mid-day meal. Thereafter, for an hour or two, he surrenders himself to the soft refreshment of sleep; and wakes to his mid-afternoon repast of coffee and little cakes, the *merienda*, from which he goes back once more to his arduous labors, strengthened and comforted. No wonder that the business men of Mexico know nothing of dyspepsia and live on cheerily to a good old age. And who is there bold enough to declare that our business methods—leading through a dyspeptic environment to an absurdly early grave—are better than theirs?

With such an example set them by their betters, the lower orders of Mexican humanity manifest a prodigiously great capacity for living without doing anything at all. They are philosophers, these poor bodies of the earth; and they compass a generous inactivity by a strict curtailment of their wants. If the restless energy of the *Americanos* stirs them with a troublous wonder, they in turn set the *Americanos* a-wondering by their marvellous faculty of living on nothing—and thriving on it. A pot of beans, *frijoles*, a not-too-liberal supply of corn-cakes, *tortillas*, with the fiery *chile* for sauce and seasoning—this is their daily food. When some especially glorious feast-day comes around, they gladden their stomachs and their hearts with a scrap of meat. As to their talent for deferring action, it must be known personally to be comprehended to the full. When a *cargador*, hired to carry a bundle somewhere, says that he will come in 'a little hour,' you have some faint hope of seeing him in the course of a day or two; when he says in 'a little time,' you know that the days may stretch out into weeks before he will arrive; but when he smiles at you

gently and says in his soft sweet voice, 'to-morrow,' then do you know that he never will come at all. Yet there is no especial reason why charitable souls should vex themselves with sorrow because these poverty-stricken Mexicans lead such straitened lives. The way is open to them to improve their condition; but they prefer to want very little rather than to want more and work for it. And again, 'as in the case of their betters, who will say that they have not chosen the better part?'

Of course, in our wisdom, we know that ours is the superior civilization, and all that sort of thing; and yet, coming right down to the hard pan, can we be quite certain that our lives are happier than theirs? Our self-assertion and self-sufficiency in the premises are the outgrowth of the feeling that customs which are not like our customs must be wrong—as Montaigne says, 'every one gives the title of barbarism to everything that is not in use in his own country.' In point of fact, the situation is this: we struggle to obtain all sorts of things in order to be contented, but the Mexicans begin by being contented and do not struggle for anything—a result not appreciably distinct from that to which we are urged by all the philosophers. It is true that that severely practical person, an American man of business, would not like to live in Mexico. But Epictetus would.

THOMAS A. JANVIER.

Literature

Mrs. Howe's "Margaret Fuller."*

MARGARET FULLER belonged to a period in New England literary history that was rich in good names and fine powers. She was born in Cambridge, and trained in those years when Harvard College was pushing the Unitarian movement, building up *The North American Review*, and importing German literature. Channing was all-powerful in the pulpit, Everett on the platform. Those two were the ideals of the reading public. George Ticknor was in the chair of Modern Languages and Letters at Harvard, and was kindling the enthusiasm of the young students for the poetry of the south of Europe. Before Miss Fuller grew up to womanhood, the first flush of what promised to be a new literature had broadened into full daylight. Dana was aglow with the promise; Bryant had earned his best laurels; Channing was, by his lectures, stimulating the youth to wider reading; the English 'Lake school' was read in New England, and stirred every mind that was capable of being stirred; Carlyle, with his interpretations and exposition of the German writers, was beginning to be felt by the advanced scholars. It was at this time that Margaret Fuller came upon the stage with distinct power. She was full of the classics, and had saturated her mind with Italian and French writers; then with Goethe and the Germans; had dipped into music and art, and had ripened her powers of brilliant expression till she was already noted in private circles as a rare scholar and stimulating talker. Then, with the enthusiasts of the Transcendental school, who were reading Kantian philosophy through French paraphrase, she fell into the Boston habit—indeed, she did much toward establishing the Boston habit—of meeting in private parlors to talk philosophy and literature. These eager students were all young together—Alcott, Emerson, Parker, Ripley, Cranch, Bartol, Hedge, Freeman Clarke—and they were already shining in conversational circles; but Miss Fuller seems to have outshone them all. They imported the same books—Italian, French, German—and made a fashion of them. What one didn't find out, another

did; and what one could not tell the public in some form, another could. The Puritan literature was amazed. Brahminical Boston sat on its three hills—or rather shaved down two hills to get an unobstructed view from the third—and laughed, or agonized, over the new lights. The Transcendental circle soon published a Transcendental magazine, and a fine one it was, too. Margaret Fuller was its first editor, and did for it her best work. It seems, however, to have been hard work, and unprofitable, pecuniarily; but it developed the school of Transcendental writers, and concentrated their public influence. *The Dial* is now a thing of the past, precious to students of those early days, and Margaret's work in it is not by any means the least valuable.

From this occupation she drifted to the New York *Tribune*. In Boston, her influence was largely through society and conversation. In New York, it was mostly through her papers in criticism. From New York she went to Italy by way of France and England. In Italy, she became involved in the attempts of the revolutionary party to free Rome, and her political sympathies were at their strongest. After the Italian struggle had failed, she started, with a husband and child, for America, and perished on the passage. This was in 1850, and this closed her brief story. She rose with the Transcendental movement, was an important factor in it, and died when it ceased to be a distinct power in society. Her active life covered the whole period of the organized existence of that great New England phase of intellectual life. She knew all the men and women in it, and was as much a link in the chain that bound them together as any one. She seems to have contributed to the movement the sympathy and enthusiasm of a womanly nature. But the brain in her developed in a way not then common even in New England. The heart got so mixed up with the head that it was always difficult to judge her as a literary artist alone, or alone as a woman. Her friends praised the writer for what belonged to the woman and was invisible to the public. The books, long since published, show her enthusiastic expression, her wide reading, her subtlety of penetration in some directions; but the woman was always in the foreground, and almost consciously trying to dazzle the reader. Lack of temperamental moderation made persuasive expression in literature difficult for her. Mrs. Howe sees this, and makes the limitation sufficiently evident to the reader. She makes clear, moreover, the unusual metal and emotional powers of her subject. She does not lose her own head, but judges calmly and without favor, as one is permitted to judge now, thirty years after the close of the brilliant season. One feels, however, in Mrs. Howe's work in this volume, the lack of artistic development. The account of Miss Fuller's course is not sufficiently full of detailed action. We want to know more of the daily life, the talk, the manner, the personal attractions and repulsion, the inner workings of the society in which she was so important a factor. We want more of her letters, illustrative, anecdotic, etc. The world is very shy in these days of taking its opinions at second hand. It wants the facts—such facts, and all of them, as may properly be placed before the reader, in justice to all parties. It wants a plainer narrative, where the subject matter is everything, the writer behind it nothing; and then it will judge for itself. Here, it has two persons, with distinct individualities, placed before it, and finds it not easy to pick out what belongs to each. The just proportion between comment and narrative is not preserved. But, aside from this rather serious drawback, the reader finds a woman of exceptional powers judged by another of strong intellectual ability, and this is a great privilege.

* Margaret Fuller. By Julia Ward Howe. (Famous Women Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Phillips Brooks's English Sermons.*

OUR ENGLISH COUSINS have found out that we have at least two great preachers in this country. For years, but one pulpit has loomed up into visibility across the ocean. Every one in England knew of Ward Beecher, as he was there called; and every distinguished visitor to our shores, as part of his bounden duty in 'doing the States,' went, on his first Sunday, to Plymouth Church. That hearty hater of the middle classes, Mr. Matthew Arnold, went with the rest of the English tourists to the great temple of bourgeois religion, and paid his respects to the 'heated barbarian.'

Phillips Brooks has achieved the high distinction of lifting himself into a position alongside of Henry Ward Beecher as a preacher big enough to be made out from the shores of Albion. He has had the honor of being the first American to preach in Westminster Abbey; and since Dean Stanley discovered him and brought him out in England he has become quite as popular there as here. In drawing his late tour of the world to a close, Mr. Brooks spent the summer in England, and had no lack of invitations to fill the leading pulpits of the English Church. The sermons thus preached have been gathered into the volume before us. Among the churches in which he appeared, it is interesting to an American to note, were Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, and The Temple Church. Unlike his great friend Dean Stanley, on his visit to this country, Mr. Brooks would seem not to have gone outside of his own denomination, liberal as his sympathies are known to be. These sermons have the familiar characteristics of his earlier volumes, though we do not find any one sermon which seems to us as fine as the one which gave its name to his preceding volume, 'The Candle of the Lord.' The fresh, vigorous thought, the glowing imagination, the broad and catholic sympathies, the absorbing concern with practical life, the intense moral earnestness, the deep knowledge of the human heart, the profound spirituality, all clothed in a style whose highest praise is that we forget all about it in the impetuous rush of the inspiration—these have given Phillips Brooks his singular power over men. Of all living preachers he best unites the intellectual, ethical, and spiritual powers. His personality impresses itself upon the reader as upon the hearer; and his personality represents a real genius for preaching, unto which many are called but for which few are chosen. No one can read these sermons, whatever his creed or no-creed, without feeling a stir of soul impelling him to higher life. And it is a cause for common congratulation, among all who value the nobler ideals of human life, that Mr. Brooks has at length overcome the reluctance to trust his words to print which so long held out against every solicitation—a fault by no means likely to be contagious in our age. We think that we notice, in the coming on of years, an increasing simplicity and directness in this great preacher; not, perhaps, less of intellectuality, but a more complete suffusion of thought with tender and solemn feeling; a more complete embodiment of the prophet who has a message to deliver and who forgets everything else but the word that burns within his soul. His experience in Boston has saved him from the temptation which his earlier years showed to be lying in wait for him—the temptation under which so many liberal pulpits fall, in giving us plenty of the philosophy of religion and so little of religion itself; and it has driven him in upon the deeper secrets of the soul. Thus it has come to pass that no less distinguished a liberal than Edwin D. Mead can write to *The Index* declaring that he prefers going to Trinity and hearing Phillips Brooks to listening to the constant criticism of preachers with whom he is more in accord men-

tally. One touch of religious nature makes the world akin. It is certainly a hopeful omen for the pulpit of the future in this country that such a preacher is fashioning its ideals.

It seems ungracious to criticise such sermons, and we shall cut short this task with two strictures which touch certain limitations of Mr. Brooks. With all his broad human sympathies, he is so intensely Christian as, perhaps, to disqualify himself from entering fully into the life of other religions. Else how could he, in the sermon preached in St. Paul's Cathedral on Hospital Sunday, when speaking of the great act of charity in which all London united, write: 'No heathen city ever did such an act.' Possibly no pagan city ever did just such an act. But the intimation carries one far beyond the warrant of history, as Mr. Brooks ought to know. We have surely had enough of the laudation of Christianity by the disparagement of other religions. Splendid as is the story of Christian charity, all such attempts as that lately made by Mr. Brace to pick out its bright color by deepening the background of paganism, are sure to react upon Christianity as men come to know how false to history is the traditional view of heathenism, with its noble efforts to philanthropy in many lands and many ages—efforts which have so largely passed into oblivion, just as our teeming charities will leave so little to perpetuate their memory if ever Macaulay's dream comes true. Mr. Brooks's complete preoccupation with the problems of personal religion, together with his happy optimism, shut him off from sympathy with the social problems of our age; else how could he be so blind to the other side of the case as he shows himself to be in this same sermon on the life of 'The Christian City'? It is the city of London—strange, many-cited city that it is—of which he writes: 'It is not only this or that Christian whom he meets. It is a Christian goodness everywhere: in the just dealings of the streets, in the serene peace of the homes, in the accepted responsibilities and obligations of friends and neighbors, in the universal liberty, in the absence of cruelty, in the purity and decency, in the solemn laws and courteous ceremonies—everywhere there is the testimony of a city wherein dwelleth righteousness.' Had Mr. Brooks talked with Carlyle on his earlier visits or with Ruskin on this present visit; had he read society papers like *Truth* a wee bit, or dropped in at the clubs enough to catch the tone of talk; had he walked the Strand of evenings with his eyes open, or made a tour of underground London in the escort of an officer; had he drawn out the experience of hard-working parsons at the East End, or consulted the record of police authorities and of charitable societies, he might have seen the seamy side to his brilliant picture of a Christian City. With all the power of a prophet in his appeals to the inner personal life of man, Mr. Brooks has little of the power of the prophet's appeals to the sense of social justice. He sees not, apparently, as indeed how should he see in the glare of his prosperity, the damning wrongs of society; wrongs that are storing civilization with dynamite for other explosions such as those of which history has told the tale. And the most serious defect of the religion of which this gifted preacher is so conspicuous a type, is that it is still so blind to the pagan city of London or of New York; that it is still so deaf to the pitiful appeal made to it in the name of its Head; and that over the form of society, torn with the convulsions of the devils possessing it, the bitter cry goes up, 'We brought it to thy disciples and they could not cast them out.'

Andrew Lang's "Iliad."*

ON THE LONG LIST of Homeric translators the name of Mr. Andrew Lang stands high. If a prose version of

The Iliad of Homer. Done into English Prose by Andrew Lang, Walter Leaf, and Ernest Myers. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

* Sermons Preached in English Churches. By the Rev. Phillips Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

Homer is best suited to convey to modern English readers the fullest notion of the rush and might and simplicity of the greatest of Greek poets—and we incline to the belief that the bands of modern metre, even without the fetters of modern rhyme, double the difficulty of the translator's task, if indeed they do not make it insuperable—if a prose version be held not only the best but the only possible version for men of to-day, then may this be received as the nearest approach to the ideal translation of our time. We speak of Mr. Lang's Homer, for it seems to us that the translation is more his than another's. It is true that in the work of translating the 'Odyssey' he had the aid of Mr. S. H. Butcher, a fellow-Scotchman and now a professor of Greek in Scotland. It is true that in the present translation of the 'Iliad' he has had the aid of Mr. Ernest Myers, already favorably known as the translator of the extant odes of Pindar, and of Mr. Walter Leaf. But Mr. Lang seems to us to have been the ruling spirit in both collaborations; and both translations seem to us to be marked with his image and superscription. In both is to be seen the same large style and the same use of words to be detected in his translation of Theocritus (which for the present we must accept as the standard version in English, in default of Mr. Stedman's). In both, the same system, or rather the same principles, have been followed; and as Mr. Lang is the only one of the translators who collaborated on both the 'Odyssey' and the 'Iliad' the credit of these characteristics may be ascribed to him. He has for Homer a reverent love; and he has given long and careful study to everything Homeric; some of the notes in the present volume, bearing his initials and dealing with mythologic questions and the like, are contributions of genuine value to our fund of Homeric knowledge. Mr. Lang has for Helen of Troy a passionate devotion surpassing the love of man; he is a more modern Faust evoking that type of perfect loveliness from out of the ashes of the past. Space fails here for more minute and textual criticism, or for citation of the few points wherein our translation would differ from those herein adopted. To the translation of the 'Odyssey' Mr. Lang prefixed a noble sonnet on that poem. To the present translation of the 'Iliad' are prefixed another Homeric sonnet of his, which we like far less, and a fine sonnet on Achilles by Mr. Myers, which is, not unworthy to be ranked with Mr. Lang's former venture.

Bakounine's "God and the State."*

BAKOUNINE's extraordinary pamphlet on 'God and the State'—with the characteristic description of its author on the title-page as the 'Founder of Nihilism and Apostle of Anarchy,' and the equally characteristic phrase, 'Here the manuscript breaks off,' found on the last page in place of the usual *Finis*—is, to say the least, very interesting. Forceful, rapid, unhesitating and evidently honest, it stimulates the amused reader's own powers of thought and argument and resistance, and as a gymnastic exercise for the intellect goes far in its way to support the writer's assertion that rebellion is an essential condition of human development. An author who brackets together 'the power to think and the desire to rebel' as 'two precious faculties' of the human mind, surely must not complain if his own work meets the antagonism he admires; not, indeed, the fierce and bloody antagonism of insulted convictions, but the good-natured and intellectual opposition of ideas quickened into sudden existence by the author himself. Thus, if we wished to make a convert to religion and fixed government, we should very likely send the man whom we wished to convert to read Bakounine's 'God and the

State;' much as we should send one whom we wished to make a good Unitarian, not to Channing, but to Jonathan Edwards.

It is curious to see the 'founder of Nihilism' (delicious phrase!) entering the arena of the next world while he was still in this, resenting the influence of spiritual belief as one of the tyrants that he is pledged to destroy, differing only from Don Quixote in that he is perfectly sure that the things he is fighting are windmills but still considers them worthy of the struggle, and anxious to reverse a certain famous saying and prove that if God did exist, it would be necessary to abolish him. This necessary abolition he accomplishes by the following easy and rapid formula: 'If God is, man is a slave; now, man can and must be free; then, God does not exist.' He accounts for religion and religions as 'created by men who had not attained to full development of intellectual faculties,' which would seem to imply that the author believes in a gradual intellectual evolution which is finally to culminate in absolute nothingness.

The word 'authority' is to Bakounine the red rag to the bull; yet he acknowledges that in the matter of boots he is willing to defer to the authority of the bootmaker, that teachers ought to have absolute authority over children, and that it is impossible for us not to submit to the authority of inevitable natural laws. Yet he recovers from these admissions by asserting in the first matter that the bootmaker is only a specialist while God claims authority in all things; in the second, by declaring that the minds of children are not sufficiently developed for them to know their own minds; and in the third by claiming that natural laws are not forced upon our obedience: we recognize them ourselves as necessary, inevitable, and wise, and so act in accordance with them. Anything more childish than such reasoning as this, it would be difficult to imagine. Heredity, habit, worldly considerations and a thousand slight motives may influence at times apparent religious beliefs; but nothing is more certain than that all over the world human beings exist to whom their belief in God is as the breath of life, and to whom their worship of Him is continual voluntary delight. Even in human affairs, the power of reverence is one giving keenest delight to its possessor, and one might almost gauge the nobility of a soul by its readiness and joy in recognizing its superior. We are tempted to refer again to the young officer in the navy whom we have before quoted as saying, 'I am perfectly happy: I have my superiors whom I obey, and I have my inferiors who obey me; there is nothing here of our infernal American equality.' Equality is infernal because it is not a truth. When equality exists, it will be time to recognize it; but so long as there is everywhere in the world a caste of birth, of intellect, or of virtue, it behooves us to find our own level with content or aspiration.

Admiral Dahlgren.*

ADMIRAL DAHLGREN kept a journal from about the time he entered the Navy, in 1825, till within two months of his death, in 1870. This his biographer makes such use of that the volume is almost entirely autobiographical. Perhaps, but for the journal, the memoir would not have been attempted at anything like its present length. His widow was his wife for only about five years, and naturally would have known but little of his earlier life, and would have found it difficult to learn anything of it from any other source. For, from the time of his entering the Navy, at the age of sixteen, till he passed his fiftieth year, there was nothing in his career of any public interest, except that he had invented a piece of ordnance. That, certainly, is a distinction much

* God and the State. By Bakounine. Boston: Translated and published by Benjamin R. Tucker.

* Memoir of Rear-Admiral John A. Dahlgren. By his widow, Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

beyond the average of human lives, but not of the kind on which it would be easy to hang a biography. For the four years of the Rebellion he was in a conspicuous position on which honor and fame attended; but for that brief period of his naval service of near half a century, a small volume of 200 pages would have sufficed, in place of a large one of near 700 to cover his whole life.

Personal affection and respect find a strong attraction in a minute diary which may possibly lead to a mistaken estimate of its public interest and value in more ways than one. The records which make up about one half of this volume, relating to Admiral Dahlgren's cruises for five-and-thirty years of naval life, and to his improvements in gunnery, will interest personal friends and those devoted to the study of ordnance. How many there may be who will care for this portion of the work the author should, and probably does, know better than anybody else. Of the remaining portion, relating chiefly to the Rebellion, there will necessarily be a wide difference of opinion. That the Admiral was an upright and honorable man nobody can question; how thoroughly he was so, indeed, the pages of this book bear continual and unmistakable witness. But whether he would have been willing, could he have been consulted, to have published now, so long after the event, the opinions he then held upon the acts of others, may be questioned. The Admiral had a hard time of it, and much no doubt to reasonably complain of, in the long siege of Charleston. But to set down now all that he felt and said so bitterly, in the privacy of his own journal, of General Gillmore, this is to arouse a controversy—if anybody is disposed to take it up, as somebody probably will be—in which he cannot defend himself. There are, of course, two sides to such a story, and the wisdom of raking up its ashes over a man's grave may well be questioned.

"A Critique of Design-Arguments."*

PROFESSOR HICKS has written a solid and valuable work, and one which brings the design-argument up to date, applying it to evolution and the most recent scientific speculations. He does not attempt himself to present those arguments or to construct a new natural theology. His work has a higher value than this, in that he attempts to discuss the logic and the validity of the argument from design. In doing this he shows that many of the arguments used have been faulty, and that the method has often been applied in a wrong manner. He shows very conclusively that the design-argument is really of two kinds, and that these must be separated, if the best results are to be obtained. These two are the argument from ends and the argument from order; they mutually sustain each other, but proceed in a different manner. He constructs a new name for the argument from order, calling it eutaxiology. He says that 'the key-note of eutaxiology is plan, as that of teleology is purpose,' and that 'the elements of the eutaxiological proof, or the fundamental conceptions involved in it, are the fact of order in nature, and the plan, or the mental conception of that disposition of objects and that movement of forces which constitute order and harmony.'

In five introductory chapters Prof. Hicks presents the true method of investigation for the evidences of design and order, indicating the use and abuse of the word design and the limitations of the doctrine of final causes. He also defines teleology and eutaxiology, giving an analysis of the logic, method and limitations of each. These are strong and suggestive chapters, and they are of value in settling the lines of inquiry to be followed in this field of study. They are of value because Prof. Hicks is familiar with

science and its methods, at the same time that he is an earnest believer in the great truths of religion. He clearly understands the arguments and the motives on both sides, and that is of the utmost importance in such an inquiry. In thirteen succeeding chapters there is given a full and faithful history of the argument from design, and a just criticism of its successive phases. The author begins with the natural theology of the Greeks and Romans, especially with that of Socrates, Cicero and Galen, and brings the history down to M. Paul Janet. This historical survey is full of interest and suggestion, serving especially to show the weaknesses of the design-argument, and at the same time the true lines of inquiry for the best and most legitimate results. Then the effects of evolution on design are discussed, and it is shown that evolution is strongly favorable to eutaxiology. The author rightly says that 'the facts of order in the cosmos are not changed, nor do they speak a whit less emphatically of an intelligent author of nature, by reason of the acceptance of evolution.' The direct effect of evolution is to extend the reign of law, or rather to broaden our conceptions respecting its universality; and, since the reign of law is but another name for the order of nature, the obvious effect of evolution is to strengthen eutaxiology.

We have but one fault to find with Professor Hicks, and that is in regard to his literary style. He sometimes descends to irrelevant remarks and exclamations. His illustrations are in a few instances not very appropriate, and he occasionally turns aside from the dignity becoming his subject. With these exceptions his book is one worthy of hearty praise. All students of natural theology ought to read and digest it thoroughly. Even M. Janet may be read with greater profit in connection with this work. As a statement of the argument from order, and as a history of design-arguments, the book supplies a want not met by any other author. We particularly agree with Prof. Hicks in his position, that no one line of argument is sufficient in itself, and that all methods should be used in conjunction. He admirably shows the mutual support to be derived from teleology and eutaxiology, and that the two should always go together.

"The Renewal of Youth, and Other Poems."*

AMONG CONTEMPORARY MINOR POETS of England, Mr. Myers has a note of his own, awakening a responsive echo of half religious, half philosophical thought, in his readers' minds, and kindling a subdued glow of sentiment and poetic mysticism in their hearts. The strong vein of Christian piety which revealed itself in his earlier poem of 'St. Paul,' and which is more or less apparent in all his work, is so genuine and so fervid, and is accompanied by such perfect intellectual liberality, that even those who reject ecclesiastical dogma and supernatural revelation are not disposed to quarrel with him for it, but rather gladly accept it as an interesting stamp of the author's poetic individuality. He draws much of his inspiration from his faith, and yet unlike most so-called religious poets of the day, he avoids the commonplaces of pious sentimentality. A pure taste and a thoughtful mind enable him to make dignified and artistic use of his symbols. He has the rare talent of rendering didactic poetry interesting, and, incredible as it may sound, the best things in the volume before us are the long, moralizing poems, written in the heroic measure. Let our readers judge for themselves, and turn to the poems entitled 'St. John the Baptist,' 'Ammergau,' 'On Art as an Aim in Life,' 'The Implicit Promise of Immortality,' for a fresh, sincere and musical treatment of well-worn themes. Mr. Myers has a notable gift of music and imparts a rhythm of his own to the hackneyed couplet.

* A Critique of Design-Arguments. By Prof. L. E. Hicks. New York; Charles Scribner's Sons.

* The Renewal of Youth, and Other Poems. By F. W. H. Myers. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

We cannot commend with equal cordiality the shorter poems of the volume. Mr. Myers's touch is not sufficiently light for occasional themes, and he does not possess the rare lyric talent requisite for a good song. The stanzas headed 'Auf Flügeln des Gesanges' are singularly unfortunate. They are neither a translation nor a paraphrase of Heine's little masterpiece of the same name, in the 'Buch der Lieder,' and yet by their title and their introduction of the Ganges and of East Indian imagery they inevitably (and fatally to themselves) recall the inimitable German.

A Defence of Meliorism.*

GEORGE ELIOT once very positively declared that she was not an optimist, but she asserted her willingness to be known as a meliorist. To her the universe was neither wholly good nor wholly bad, but while bad in a large measure was capable of great improvement. This interpretation of the problem of evil was also that given it by George Henry Lewes. More recently Mr. James Sully has taken up the same position in his book on 'Pessimism.' That was a suggestive work and attracted some attention. This small school of thinkers has found an anonymous American author who is a convert to their doctrine. He is a rather feeble imitator, adding little that is new to the discussion. Having devoted much time to the subject he presents many facts bearing on the problem, but they are not thoroughly digested and worked out into satisfactory results. In the first part of his book he gives a *résumé* of the views held on the problem of evil in the ancient and the modern world, and a statement of the positions taken by the leading pessimists and optimists. Part second presents the scientific proofs of antagonism in the physical world, in biology, in mind and in morals. Antagonism in history is considered in part third, and its aid to human development is shown. It is regarded as a chief factor in the process of evolution. Then follows a fourth part on the relations of evil and conflict to the necessary conditions of life, mainly dealing with the environment as it affects man's welfare. A concluding part treats of the social, moral and religious aspects of the subject.

The book contains a vast accumulation of facts, and if it had a good index it might be quite serviceable as a work of reference on the theme it discusses. It also largely quotes the opinions of leading philosophers and men of science, and as a collection of such opinions has a considerable value. The author has little discrimination in his quotations, however, and extracts from the most indifferent writers almost as readily as from the best. He is a very decided agnostic, and for the most part echoes the leaders of that school. A good specimen of his philosophy is contained in these words: 'Religion, like morality, had its origin in utility pure and simple.' He is a somewhat crude evolutionist, looking to science as the only true guide and redeemer for man. The deeper philosophical bearings of the problem of evil are not touched here, but rather its surface and more apparent facts. The grounds of optimism are not stated with that real meaning which they have for many of the leading thinkers of modern times. Nor is Calvinism considered as a form of pessimism which has a large reason for existence both in philosophy and in the facts of human experience. Meliorism may be accepted as a good statement of the facts in their natural order, but it is an explanation which is no explanation of the phenomena of evil. It is, in fact, the conclusion of agnosticism, that no explanation is to be had.

*Conflict in Nature and Life: A Study of Antagonism in the Constitution of Things. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Minor Notices.

THERE ARE MANY HUNDREDS—possibly thousands—of middle-aged or elderly men in America, who will thank Messrs. Scribner for the new and uniform edition of Donald G. Mitchell's works, of which that firm have recently begun the issue. No one, of course, would be willing to exchange his old copy of 'The Reveries of a Bachelor'—the one he read, and loved to read, in early manhood—for the new volume containing a slightly revised version of that delightful book; but many will be glad to put the edition of 1883 on the same shelf with that of 1863 or 1850. They will read, if they ever find time for re-reading, only the copy they read for the first time some twenty or thirty-odd years ago. But they will be pleased by the compliment implied in a standard edition of the complete writings of a favorite author, and the rising generation will make its first acquaintance with these American classics in the new form in which they are now appearing. To the volume of 'Reveries' Mr. Mitchell prefixes a new preface—the third he has had to write—in which he tells how that still popular book came to be written and published. It was hit upon in the author's mind as a means of diverting a growing suspicion of the truth that he was the author of 'a little weekly paper or pamphlet—in very elegant shape as regarded typography—called *The Lorgnette; or, Studies of the Town.*' The first 'Reverie' of the present volume had been published the year previous in *The Southern Literary Messenger*, from which it was reprinted in the first volume of *Harper's Monthly*. Two chapters were added to this, and the whole was then submitted to Mr. James T. Fields, who declined to publish it. Mr. Mitchell shows no malice toward the late author-publisher on this account, but on the contrary pays tribute to his rare qualities. Refused by Mr. Fields, the book was promptly ushered into the world by Mr. Charles Scribner—who was no less astonished than the author by its sudden leap into enduring popularity. Mr. Mitchell's astonishment continues. 'It seems to me,' he says, 'that I have written very much better books, every way, since that time; but the world of book-buyers will not agree with me.' Happy the author whose only grievance is, not that his books are not read, but that one of them is read far more than he thinks it deserves to be! The other volumes in this reprint are 'Dream Life,' 'Seven Stories' and 'Wet Days at Edgewood' (which have already appeared) and 'My Farm at Edgewood,' 'Rural Studies' and 'Dr. Johns.' Three or four additional volumes, containing hitherto unpublished matter, will follow.

AFTER LEIGH HUNT and Charles Lamb, who can hope to say anything worth listening to concerning the English dramatic poets who lived about the time of Shakspeare? asks Mr. Stoddard in the introduction to the volume of 'Dramatic Scenes and Characters' in his and Mr. Linton's anthology of English Verse. (Charles Scribner's Sons.) We should answer by naming, among others, Mr. Stoddard himself, who, as we remarked in noticing the first two volumes in this series, has a knack of writing readably on any subject, and particularly so on a subject so much to his taste as this happens to be. If he should modestly protest that what he has to say is not really worth hearing, we should still insist that it is at least a pleasure to hear it. The race of English dramatic poets has pretty nearly died out and yet the longest selections in this book are from contemporary writers—Sir Henry Taylor, of whose 'Philip Van Artevelde' some fifteen pages are given, and Charles Kingsley, the extracts from whose 'Saint's Tragedy' cover still more space. Richard Hengist Horne, Robert Browning and Algernon Swinburne are also liberally quoted. Mr. Stoddard is equally at home in writing of 'Ballads and Romances,' though he admits and regrets that the history of English balladry cannot be traced. ('Its origin was vocal and not literary, and when it became literary it had ceased to be balladry.') But he is not wholly at his ease in treating of 'Translations' for the volume of selections which appears here under that title. His preface is mainly a sketch of the three Homeric translators, Chapman, Dryden and Pope. This book is interesting, but less charming than any of the other four. It includes English versions of poems, and fragments of poems, in all the principal (and some of the minor) tongues of Europe, and in a number of Asiatic languages. It is very full and varied in its contents. Its weakest point is that it lacks any specimen of the work of the best of modern translators into English, the poet Longfellow.

TO THE SEVENTH VOLUME of the complete edition of Emerson which Houghton, Mifflin and Co. are now publishing—'Society and Solitude'—the editor has found it unnecessary to prefix a note. Not so in the case of Volume VIII. To this he contributes a brief preface showing under what difficulties the book was put together. When first issued, Mr. Cabot was its chosen editor, the task of compilation being already beyond the author's strength. It was not Mr. Emerson's intention to print the book, and he was impelled to do so only by learning that a London publisher was on the point of making up a volume of his uncollected writings from *The Dial* and elsewhere. Mr. Moncure Conway made an arrangement with this gentleman, by which the publication of the unauthorized collection was prevented, Mr. Emerson consenting, on his part, to make a collection himself, add some new pieces to it, and send proof-sheets to England to insure simultaneous publication there and here. The work of preparation dragged on for five years or so, and was then consigned to Mr. Cabot. It proved a delicate and difficult one, as little help was to be had from the person most interested in the fate of the volume. There is nothing in it that Mr. Emerson did not write. He gave his full approval to whatever was done in the way of selection and arrangement; but I cannot say that he applied his mind very closely to the matter. He was pleased, in a general way, that the work should go on, but it may be a question exactly how far he sanctioned it.

'BEYOND THE SUNRISE' (New York: Lovell) is made comparatively valueless, even if one were inclined to value its testimony, by the very candor of the authors in stating frankly in the preface that 'almost all the occurrences' related are strictly true. It is a book concerning spiritualism, clairvoyance, dreams and premonitions, and while it is only fair to say that it does not exhibit the repulsive coarseness of many similar works, it is none the less to be noted that the book is morbid, sentimental, foolish and unwise. The most astonishing testimony, from those who have seen, avails nothing to those who have not; and in spite of the author's belief that almost every family could bear witness if it would, the fact remains that a very large proportion of families who would be entirely willing to confess any such experience have no experience to relate. For ourselves, the point would be here: granting that, if we put ourselves into the proper receptive mood, we should hear music without any visible instrument floating in the air of our rooms, and even hear departed friends murmur our names or their own, we don't want any music in the air, and should derive no satisfaction from the most dulcet murmuring of "dear, dear CRITIC, I am here"—unless our departed friend could pursue the conversation farther.

IN THE Martha's Vineyard Series of Text-Books (Ginn, Heath & Co.) Prof. Hermann B. Boisen, A. M., issues a 'Preparatory Book of German Prose'—the title-page adds, 'with copious notes,' but these are to appear separately. The characteristic feature of this book, and one that ought to commend it to all teachers and private students of German, is, that the selections from German literature are not only arranged in a progressive series, from more easy to less, but are taken from books whose style is simple and whose thought is easily followed. Fairytales, short narratives and sketches, stories from Homer—these make up the bulk of the volume. As authors, we find the familiar and welcome names of Grimm, Andersen, Hebel, Wildermuth, Becker—even Jean Paul. The book is admirably fitted to be what Prof. Boisen desires it to be, 'a preparation for the intelligent study of the standard authors.' A student who has read it through will have enjoyed it and will be in a condition to approach Schiller and Goethe with some zest, instead of carrying with him through after years—as the college-boy of to-day so often does—a horrid, nightmare recollection of 'Wilhelm Tell' and 'Götz von Berlichingen,' as synonyms of stupid drudgery.

WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON has spent time and pains on a 'Preparatory Greek Course in English,' for the After School Series (New York: Phillips and Hunt). It is apparently intended to serve a double purpose—to enable those who do not read Greek to make acquaintance with parts of Greek literature in an English dress, and to incite them to study the language itself. Chapter V., entitled 'The Start,' and a few pages from Harkness's 'First Greek Book,' at the end of the volume, are for the latter purpose. Most of the 'Preparatory Greek Course'

has this only as a subordinate object. It takes up the Greek authors usually studied in preparation for college, translates fragments, and connects these by a condensed argument, by quotations from English writers, or by remarks. The style of these remarks is apt to be discursive, but, on the whole, this attempt to offer diluted classics to those who cannot take them in their original strength may be regarded as successful.

MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS'S little book, 'How to Help the Poor' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), adds one more to the thoughtful and suggestive contributions to this subject, of which we cannot have too many. Mrs. Fields's text is, that 'the value of organized charity lies with the visitors, not in the organization,' and while acknowledging the immense gain to the public good of organized work and oversight of the poor, she suggests the danger of too much and too regular machinery; the double danger, indeed, that James and Rebecca will come to be considered merely as 'cases' instead of men and women, and that, coming gradually to consider themselves as 'cases,' they will accept regular aid as a matter of course. Mrs. Fields believes that money in benevolent matters is a small matter when compared with personal intercourse, and that every organized charity should have a large volunteer corps of those who will 'visit' the poor in another than the technical charitable interpretation.

'THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' PLUTARCH,' edited by John S. White, LL.D., Head-Master of Berkeley School (Putnam), will be welcomed, by many who have outgrown boyhood and girlhood, for its fine illustrations and maps, and its attractive print and binding. Of many of the Lives only brief extracts are given, such as the description of Cleopatra in the Life of Antony, the Roman Triumph from the life of Paulus Æmilius, etc., and this is certainly an excellent idea. It is a book that will perhaps only delight very studious boys and girls, but it is a good book for all of them to own, if only for reference.

'TREES, AND HOW TO PAINT THEM IN WATERCOLORS,' by W. H. J. Boot (Cassell & Co.), is a most attractive little book, with eighteen colored plates and numerous wood-engravings. The directions are very brief, but the author is anxious to impress upon pupils, that botanical knowledge of the structure and growth of each separate kind of tree is as essential to the artist as the anatomical knowledge of the human body is to the sculptor. He advises careful practice with separate leaves and boughs of any tree, before undertaking the whole tree. He is evidently not an impressionist.

'THE CRUISE OF THE SNOWBIRD,' by Dr. Gordon Stables, illustrated (Armstrong & Son), records the adventures of some fine young fellows who went west and north from Scotland in a big yacht, and had plenty of 'fun' with whales, ships on fire, grizzly bears, forest fires, ice, Indians and Yankees. We like it because it contains a good deal besides the adventures, and the tone of it is good, and we admire its cover exceedingly.

'A BOOK OF SIBYLS' (Harper's Franklin Square Library) consists of brief articles on Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Opie, and Miss Austen—valuable because relating really new incidents and anecdotes, and especially charming because told with all Miss Thackeray's, or rather Mrs. Ritchie's, well-known grace of style.

Recent Fiction.

THE AUTHOR of 'Donal Grant' (Harper's Franklin Square Library) would seem to be entirely destitute of any literary conscience, and it is with sorrow that we have to convict of the simply hideous tale our old friend, the good and wise George Macdonald, who, though he has been a little tedious lately, has done so much for us in the past, and even recently has written so good a story as 'Warlock o' Glenwarlock.' The story of 'Donal Grant,' with its haunted castle, haunted in reality by an opium-eating wretch, its 'lost room,' walled from prying eyes to conceal the mouldering corpses of people murdered by the most horrible kinds of murder, and its young girl purposely chained there to be buried alive and only rescued by Donal to die slowly of the strain upon her nerves, is one to make the stoutest-hearted quake, and hesitate to store away such a tale in the recesses of even the strongest brain, lest in dreams or physical

weakness it come forth again to haunt the mind with unnecessary horrors. There are no compensations for this sort of thing, the story being without brilliancy, or pleasantness, or moral. Granting even that the hero's calmness under supernatural strain is to be imitated, the lesson is needless, as no one ever has in real life to undergo anything of the kind.

'AH! YES, MISS BRADDON!' The critic takes up 'Phantom Fortune' (Franklin Square Library) carelessly, and holds his pen suspended for certain ridicule and censure. To his surprise, he finds himself suddenly interested in a plot with some sensation in it, it is true (turning as it does on the incarceration in his own house, for forty years, of an imbecile man announced to the world as dead by a wife who thus saves him from dishonor), but of which the moral and the *morale* are excellent; while in the style there is a temperateness which sometimes amounts to dignity, and which is not without positive freshness. Besides the conventional young lady and the hollowness of society, we have, too, a bright, true, innocent English girl, and a love affair genuinely sweet; while the Cuban adventurer who fascinates and tries to run away with the young lady is to our mind quite as interesting as the elegant hypocrites just now moving in the novels of New York and Newport society, who do not run away with the young ladies, but contaminate them while flirting with the married ones, and who, skating over the very thinnest ice of morality and manners, never actually dismiss themselves from the 'best society.'

It is a pleasure to be able to say of Marion Harland, hitherto known only as a writer of simple, sensible and amiable stories, or as a helper of distressed housewives, that her new novel 'Judith' (Fords, Howard & Hulbert) is one to take its place with the best American fiction, as a representation of the life and time and country that it deals with. It is a chronicle of the Old Dominion, and by introducing the reminiscences of the older people on the scene, the author is able to cover a wide area of time. The story is more or less dramatic, powerful, and interesting, but the value of the book is in its pictures of Virginia life and thought, in times which it is hard to think of Marion Harland as even 'remembering.' The negro insurrections, the devotion of fortunate slaves, the revivalist preachers, the whole household life, with its open hospitality, its stately manners, its devotion to friends and hatred of foes, are given with a vivid picturesqueness which makes each separate chapter a separate pleasure.

READERS WILL BE ABLE to construct the story of 'An Ideal Fanatic,' by Hester Edwards Porch (Chicago: Sumner), without reading it, on learning that the names of the people concerned are Clare Vivien, Maud Tremaine, Harold St. George and Percy Dartmoth. Maud is the one with the upturned, passionate face, Clare the one to stand frequently with her young eyes wet with happy tears, Harold the elderly young man who addresses Clare as 'little one,' and Percy the fellow who shoots himself for love of the maddening Maud. We have been unable to decide, however, which was the 'fanatic,' or why he (or she) was to be considered an 'ideal' one.

'TWO YEARS AT HILLSBORO,' by Julia Nelson (Lippincott), is a boarding-school story, readable because the escapades of the inevitable hoyden are amusing and original. But we think the author has overdone the slang and bad grammar of even the wildest maidens, while several superfluous chapters are added at the close, apparently to include personal experiences which the author in her preface evidently considers very funny, but of which we quite fail to see the point.

'NOT MY WAY,' by T. M. Browne (Whittaker), is one of the old-fashioned, amiable English stories with a dutiful daughter who always answers, 'Yes, dear mother;' a brother who falls into evil ways, but repents in time; a lover rejected because of (mistaken) suspicion that he is unjust to the brother; final reconciliation, and a bridal morn which 'dawned brightly.'

'JUNE,' by Mrs. Forrester (Lippincott), is a very foolish story about nothing in the world but love affairs. The love affairs are not pleasant ones, either, though we are glad to be able to say that the book is not nearly so bad as 'My Lord and My Lady,' by the same author.

Some Recent Books of Verse.

MR. W. W. STORY, whose achievements in other fields have been so conspicuous, is now and then tempted to 'drop into poetry in a friendly way.' His success has not always kept pace with his ambition, for to be candid, his strains are apt to recall the hurdy-gurdy of Savoy rather than the lute of Provence. The verse in 'He and She, or A Poet's Portfolio' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is marked by the usual defects—diffuseness, conventionality, absence of simplicity, lack of grasp. Few of the poems will repay a second perusal; not one of them gives the true poetic ring. One or two of the character-portraits are passably good satire; the rest is mere cast-off frippery. But the prose dialogue between 'He' and 'She' which forms a running commentary on the verses is altogether charming. Culture, wit, good sense, the qualities of a man of the world—no one denies to Mr. Story the possession of these; and if 'He' and 'She' talk very much alike, they at least talk equally well. But it is hard to render bare justice to a writer who is guilty of such a line as 'That I into flinders might pash it!' Mr. Story might with advantage 'pash' some of his own phrases.

THE AUTHOR of 'Whispering Pines' (Brentano Bros.) is a disciple of the great school which owes its melodious appellation to the poet Phillips. In 'The Light 'ood Fire,' a song in praise of mug and pipe, he has given us one simple and sincere thing; for the rest, one finds nothing but travesties of Moore and Scott and other bards dear to the Southern heart. But if Mr. John Henry Boner is no poet, his piety at least is not in question. Homiletics, indeed, would seem to offer him a fitter field.

THIS LITTLE COLLECTION of Whittier's most recent verse, which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued under the title of 'The Bay of Seven Islands, and Other Poems,' contains nothing that will add to his reputation. The old religious fervor and love of liberty are here; so too is the homespun style, to recognize which a single glance suffices. But for the prestige of the poet's name, the volume would command scant attention.

THE REV. MR. CHADWICK'S MUSE is a gentle, womanly creature, sympathetic in every pore, and breathing the purest maternal affection. She is at her very best when Baby is her theme, and the charming literature of the cradle is distinctly the richer for poems like 'The Oldest Story' and 'In an Unknown Tongue.' In his more studied efforts the poet has been less fortunate. ('In Nazareth Town,' Roberts Bros.)

Books for the Young.

CASSELL & Co. have published a volume of 'Children's Thoughts in Song and Story,' by Louisa Dumarsque Black, illustrated on stone by Wilson de Marza. The book is printed in brown ink on gray paper, and some of the illustrations are very childish and pretty, while others are neither. One would scarcely think that 'On The Stile' or 'Conscientious Dorothy' were by the same pencil as 'A Cross Sister' or 'The Mud Puddle.'

THIS FIRM publish 'Four Little Friends, or Papa's Daughters in Town,' by Mary D. Brine. Mrs. Brine is a capital writer for the young, and the adventures of her four little friends in New York City will not only prove entertaining to city children but to their country cousins as well, who are always interested in the doings of children in town.

ONE OF THE prettiest gift-books for very little children is the 'Jingles and Joys' of Mary D. Brine. (Cassell.) As its readers belong to the class that have to be read aloud to, parents, too, should be grateful for anything so attractive to themselves as these pretty pictures and cunning little rhymes.

The Lounger

ONE'S FIRST REFLECTION, in looking at the parade on Evacuation Day, was connected, not with the extent or fineness of the display, but with the probable effects of last Monday's storm on all who were exposed to it, whether marching through the liquid mud in the middle of the street, or struggling for a precarious foothold on barrel-heads, wagons, or the curbstone, along the line of march. Those disappointed persons who were kept at home by colds already under way were fortunate: they would

have caught worse ones had they been well enough to venture out. Hundreds of men, women and children, I am sure, must have laid the foundations of a mortal disease on the hundredth anniversary of the expulsion of the British from this city. Had they but thought of it, by the way, our forefathers might have saved valuable ammunition by postponing hostilities for a hundred years. Last Monday's weather would have driven the invader from our shores much more effectually than any amount of shot and powder.

THE WAYS OF LONDON PUBLISHERS are often mysterious, as American authors and publishers well know; but it seems that English authors have cause to complain of their methods also. A well-known New York publisher bought from an English publisher not long since the plates of a certain book, which he duly published. In the course of time he received a letter from the author, a lady, saying that she believed that he had published her book in America—in fact she knew it; but her only information was in the form of a bill from her English publisher for the electrotype plates of the American edition! 'Is it usual,' she wrote, 'to charge an author the expenses of composition and plates, and not pass to her credit any proceeds therefrom?' It seems to me that this is a particularly hard case. The English publisher receives the money from the American publisher, and puts it all into his own pocket as clear profit. And the author, who gets nothing, pays him for doing so!

I AM GLAD TO SEE that credit for the adoption of new standards of time throughout the country is being bestowed where it belongs—that is, on the editor of *The Official Railway Guide*, Mr. William Frederick Allen. It is not claimed that Mr. Allen originated the scheme. He makes no such pretence himself. What he *did* do, was to put the thing through. It had hung fire for years; but when the gun was put into his hands, he fired it off promptly and with unerring aim. An eminently clear and practical mind, and a thorough knowledge of the needs of the railroads in this connection, made it possible for him to put into the form of an accomplished fact what had previously been but a theory. Mr. Allen's life-long training—he is still on the sunny side of forty, but he began work, as a civil-engineer, at a very early age—has prepared him for the performance of just such difficult and useful tasks as that for which he is just now winning general praise.

BJÖRNSON'S NEW PLAY, 'A Glove,' has just been hissed off the stage at Hamburg. As I remarked a month ago, this drama and another which the poet has recently finished ('Beyond his Powers'), 'are of a metaphysical character, and scarcely adapted to stage representation.' My remark was founded on an inspection of the MSS. of the two plays, which have been for some time in the possession of a friend of the author in this country.

MR. J. O. WRIGHT, a member of the firm of John Wiley's Sons, tells me that he has brought suit for libel against Mr. George A. Leavitt, the auctioneer, Mr. Sotheran, the maker of Mr. Leavitt's library catalogues, and Mr. E. O. Jenkins, their printer, on account of a note appended to the title of Ruskin's poems, edited by Mr. Wright, in the catalogue of the Hayden library. The following is the objectional paragraph:

'This volume is stated on the title-page to have been "edited and collected by James Osborne Wright," who is a bookseller's salesman. Although the title-page claims him as the collector as well as editor of these poems, it is said in the preface that Ruskin "issued a privately-printed edition" of the book. The above is, however, only a reprint of that volume—"with the exception of certain needed changes in the orthography" of the greatest living critic by his modest and unassuming editor and alleged collector of his poems.'

This is a suit I shall watch with interest, for it is well to know whether partners in prosperous publishing houses can be called booksellers' salesmen with impunity, and whether a collection made with infinite pains can be called 'only a reprint.' The selection of a catalogue as a battle-field is not original with Mr. Sotheran. The late Mr. Sabin fought many a fight from that vantage ground.

The *Kansas City Journal* of the 16th inst. publishes a most interesting interview with Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, in which that lady contrasts the musical spirit of this country with that of Europe. A leader of one of the largest orchestras in Berlin, a

fine musician, she says, receives but \$30 a month, and the effect of these moderate salaries is that a manager can afford to take risks in producing new operas. Wagner's operas are not produced on this side of the water because their pecuniary success is doubtful. In Germany, Miss Kellogg declares, 'the musician labors to interpret the composer, and earns his living comfortably and contentedly.' When they come to America they think less of music and more of money.

AN INTERESTING 'side-show' of the Loan Exhibition, at the Academy of Design, this month, will be the exhibition for sale, at the price of three thousand dollars, of a sumptuous portfolio, bound by Yandell in a unique cover of oxidized silver leather, lined with velvet of the same hue, and studded with antique silver nails. This will contain about twenty-five water-colors, or sketches in black-and-white, contributed by W. M. Chase, Beckwith, Quartley, Boughton, F. H. Smith, Bruce Crane, Blashfield, Dielman, Hovenden, Bolton Jones, Smedley, Pennell, Volk, H. Chase, Kenyon Cox, Miss Emmet, Miss Wheeler, Miss Greatorex and Mrs. Odenheimer Fowler. In addition, there are specimen pages of MS. autographs and letters, from Bret Harte, Mark Twain, James, Cable, Aldrich, Howells, Stoddard, Auerbach, etc. Miss Lazarus and Mrs. Dorr have sent poems written for the occasion, and letters have been received from the President and his Cabinet.

The December Magazines.

THE DECEMBER *Harper's* is certainly a royal number, if it will do to call royal a magazine which has been from its beginning thoroughly democratic in its object of furnishing something of all kinds of literature to suit every taste. The Christmas issue contains, indeed, a great deal of everything—fun, frolic, pictures, poetry, biography, science, imagination, and light literature. The editors have wisely arranged to begin entirely new serials with their new year, thus avoiding the annoyance to new subscribers of receiving largely only the concluding chapters of stories. The only one for December is 'Nature's Serial Story,' a capital title by the way, in which Mr. E. P. Roe, by mingling a good deal of information about the world we live in with his usual gentle and amiable fiction, promises to be at his best. With Mr. Roe at his best; Mr. Howells, in 'The Register,' at his funniest; Mr. Curtis, who is never anything but best, in a special article on Christmas; Mrs. Ritchie and William Black in fatigue dress, so to speak; Charles Reade and E. E. Hale, not indeed at their best, but always readable even at their poorest; a pretty sketch, both literary and artistic, by George H. Boughton, and a good supernatural story—with all this, the reader must be hard to please who is not more than satisfied.

The Century is hardly up to the standard which it has itself set for us to judge it by. It was not to be expected that the analytical Mr. James would excel as an impressionist, but his 'Impressions of a Cousin' is certainly the most cold and tedious of any of his analyses, while the famous 'Bread-Winners' degenerates in this number into melodrama. Neither does Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson in his 'Silverado Squatters' give us quite what we had learned to expect of him, and the opening chapters of Mr. Grant's 'An Average Man' promise another of those New York novels which introduce to us only the most unpleasant people of New York. Mr. Cable's plot is still too hazy for us to catch what he means to make of Dr. Sevier himself, who, so far, is very brusque, if not brutal; but his picture of the happy-hearted young couple, 'putting up their vivacity like an umbrella,' to ward off too scrutinizing investigation of their honest poverty, is very charming. H. H. gives us one of her best descriptive articles in 'Echoes in the City of the Angels,' now the prosperous city Los Angeles, which with all its prosperity has not quite shaken off its picturesque past; and there is an article on Devon, 'The Fairest County in England,' with lovely illustrations. There are serious papers on 'The Frieze of the Parthenon,' the 'Original Documents of the New Testament,' and 'The Pretenders to the Throne of France;' some pleasant 'Recollections of Peter Cooper,' and an article on the artist George Fuller, the name of whose exquisite picture, 'Winifred Dysart,' is perhaps better known than his own. In poetry we have Mrs. Piatt's usual child, this time posed at the grave of the poet Wolfe; but the best is that of Andrew B. Saxton, always subtle and 'adequate.' The short story, 'One

Chapter,' is really delicious; all the more so because the reader is a little indignant at an apparent borrowing from Mr. Aldrich, till the borrowing is so prettily acknowledged at the close.

The stately and intellectual *Atlantic* of course does not notice any change of season, and would scorn to be found better in December than in any other month. We had hoped, indeed, that Mr. Lathrop's Newport people might grow a little pleasanter in honor of Christmas, but they only show increased hilarity at their dinners, where the plates on which the birds are served are said to have been washed in champagne. The only one of them all to interest us is the old negro with head so woolly that he had to put camphor in it to keep out the moths. The editor is right if he thinks Mr. Crawford's name in his table of contents equal to half-a-dozen illustrations; for the perfection of his work, its dealing with true love not only between lovers—but between the adopted father and 'his boy,' makes it an oasis in the literary desert of frivolity and sham. Dr. Hedge writes the solid article, on Luther; Mr. Grant White appears, as a matter of course, begging us never to say that we saw a person on Broadway; and there are unusually pleasant descriptive pieces on Bermuda and western mining camps (is it lawful, by the way, to speak of a piece on Bermuda?) by Mrs. Dorr and H. H. In 'Social Washington' the author bemoans the fact that the novelists seem to have studied Washington from the vestibule or smoking-room of their hotels. The poetry is not remarkable. The 'Recollections of Rome' are continued, and a charming paper by Mr. Emerson is given in which he recalls to us his aunt, Mary Moody Emerson, evidently a clever and original woman.

The leading feature of *The Continent* is now a serial by Orpheus C. Kerr, 'Once there was a Man,' not, however, in the usual vein of that author, who apparently contemplates a serious novel on life in Borneo, with much in it about a great creature of the ape species which might be either a degenerate man or a regenerate monkey. The change of design on the cover every week, an experiment which we have been watching with some interest, proves a pleasant feature. But if *The Continent* accepts the verses that it publishes on the plea that they 'must have poetry, you know,' one is tempted to quote the reply once made to a similar statement, 'Pardon me, I do not see the necessity!' One of the best articles this month is the 'Tenants of an old Farm.'

Lippincott's is unusually good. The closing chapters of 'The Jewel in the Lotos' are full of picturesque color, and are interesting in the religious point of view of a Catholic convert who does not injure her cause by acknowledging that the Church of Rome has been known to sell the grace of God to the highest bidder. The descriptive article on the Menhaden Fisheries is exceedingly well done; and besides good substantial articles, the number contains two admirable papers on 'Women and Gowns' and 'The Modern Feeling for Nature.' In the latter, Henry A. Beers wonders what novelists of Fielding's time would think of Mr. Black's three hundred and sixty-five sunsets a year, and of his elaborate preparation of pomp in earth and sky and ocean, whenever the hero is about to kiss the heroine.

Mr. Stedman's poem in *The Manhattan* has a charming illustration. There are eight other poems in the number, some with famous names attached to them, but none better than the subtle and poetic sonnet, 'A Conservative,' by Helen Gray Cone. We may casually mention, however, that we are glad to find Mrs. Piatt's indefatigable child this time receiving, instead of giving, a lesson, though we think the lesson too sombre a one for youthful, nay for any, hearts. Mr. Hawthorne finishes 'Beatrice Randolph' and Mr. Fawcett continues his 'Tinkling Cymbals;' and there are timely articles on Trollope (wishing that the man's books might have died and the man lived on forever), on Matthew Arnold, and on 'New York in 1783,' with papers on Mexico, Urbino, and Antoine Vollen.

Notes

THE FOLLOWING has been suggested to Messrs. Harper as the title of the much-talked-of novel they are soon to publish: 'The Bread Winners: A Social Study. By the author of "Vestige Creation or Beautiful Snow." . . . καὶ οὐκ ἐνεγνώσθη ΠΑΤΑΟΣ.'

'Lydia McKay and Colonel Tarleton,' a romantic tale of the Revolution, by the late Dr. Marion Sims, will appear in *Harper's* for February.

Next week, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish 'The History of Prussia to the Accession of Frederic the Great,' by Prof. Herbert Tuttle, of Cornell; 'Characteristics,' by A. P. Russell; 'Excursions of an Evolutionist,' by Prof. John Fiske; 'A Roundabout Journey,' by Charles Dudley Warner; Mr. Edgar Fawcett's novel, 'An Ambitious Woman;' and a study of Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' by F. Genung.

A volume describing the public and private libraries of Boston is in the press of Cupples, Upham & Co.

The Christmas number of *The Publishers' Weekly* is full of illustrations from forthcoming and already published holiday books. It shows that the publishers are yet busy, if not quite as busy as they were this time last year.

Charles Scribner's Sons will publish in book-form, with all their illustrations, the series of historical Louisiana papers contributed by Mr. G. W. Cable to *The Century Magazine*.

A curious book is announced by Scribner & Welford. It is called 'Bygone Beauties,' and is an exact reproduction of a series of plates commenced in 1797 under the name of 'Select Series of Portraits of Ladies of Rank and Fashion,' painted by John Hoppner, R. A., who succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as the favorite court painter.

'Zelis au Bain,' by the Marquis de Pezay, illustrated in color by Eisen, is a precious little *œuvre-de-luxe* of which only 250 numbered copies on Japanese paper are in print. It is published by J. Lemonnier, Paris, and E. Bonaventure, of Barclay Street, has brought some copies with him from his recent trip to Europe.

Miss Edith Evelyn Jaffray, daughter of Mr. E. S. Jaffray, of this city, is soon, so rumor has it, to publish a story, the scene of which is laid 'down East.'

The Independent prints in its Thanksgiving number a timely sketch, by Sir Samuel Baker, of an 'Experience in the Soudan'—the scene of the False Prophet's overwhelming defeat of Hicks Pasha.

The only copy of Poe's first volume of verse, 'Tamerlane, and Other Poems,' printed in Boston in 1827, has found its way to England and is soon to be reprinted in London, with a bibliographical preface by—is it not superfluous to say?—Mr. R. H. Shepherd. The original edition is very scarce, not half-a-dozen copies of it being known to be extant. The new edition will soon be scarce, too, as it is limited to a hundred copies.

Prof. Beers, of Yale College, will write of N. P. Willis for the American Men-of-Letters Series.

'Our Favorite Sham' is the name of Mr. Crawford's new novel—his fourth.

The December number of *The Art Amateur* is a holiday number. Its special features are an illustrated report of the Feuadent-Cesnola trial, a biography of Charles Sprague Pearce, with numerous original drawings, an illustrated notice of the Huntington gift to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and reviews of the National and Pennsylvania Academy Exhibitions, the Sketch Exhibition, and the National Exposition at Paris.

A new, revised edition of Green's 'Conquest of England' is announced by Messrs. Harper. The work of revision was done by Mr. Green during his last illness and after his death was completed by his wife.

The publishers of the gift-book, 'The Princess'—Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co.—quote Mr. Stoddard's opinion of 'this sweetest and purest of all modern epics.' 'It is,' says Mr. Stoddard, 'the truest and noblest poem of which womanhood is the theme in any language.'

Mr. W. E. Griffis's standard work on Japan, 'The Mikado's Empire,' appears from the press of Messrs. Harper in a new edition—the fourth. Its value is largely increased by a supplementary chapter on 'Japan in 1883,' and a sixteen-page index completes the work.

The current issue of *Swinton's Story-Teller* contains features that make it specially attractive as a Thanksgiving number. It presents a full-page frontispiece by Alfred Fredericks, illustrative of Hawthorne's beautiful tale of 'John Inglefield's Thanksgiving,' a characteristic original story by Harriet Prescott Spofford, entitled 'Something to be Thankful For,' and an original tale by Ella Wheeler—'John Smith; or, Two Thanksgivings.'

The bound volume of *Little Folks* (Cassell & Co.) contains stories, pictures, puzzles and verses of an amiable kind. Those who wish for their children what is known as 'Sunday reading' will find in this little magazine special Scriptural departments.

Prof. A. H. Welsh is out with cards and circulars, defending himself against the charges of plagiarism of which his 'Development of English Language and Literature' has been made the ground. He publishes letters from eminent critics acquitting him of the charge. He declares that 'the credits which may be wanting in the text are fully covered by the acknowledgments in the preface.' And he quotes Emerson's familiar line, that 'thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it.'

Miss Sallie McLean's quarrel-provoking 'Cape Cod Folks' is to be republished in England.

Mr. George Alfred Townsend has written a romance with the strange title 'The Entailed Hat, or Patty Cannon's Times,' which Harper & Bros. will publish. The scene is laid in Delaware, where Patty Cannon made a reputation as a tavern keeper in bygone times.

Students and lovers of art will be interested to know that Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have in press a new edition of the late Dr. William Rimmer's 'Art Anatomy,' which has been out of print, if it may be said to have ever been really in print, for several years. Dr. Rimmer was well-known as a teacher and lecturer on art, and this book is really the outcome of his lectures, which were illustrated by rapid sketches on the blackboard. A short time before his death, a wealthy lady—an amateur—went to the expense of publishing an edition of fifty copies of these illustrated lectures, to the preparation of which with a view to publication Dr. Rimmer devoted a summer vacation. The edition was small, to be sure, but it was sold out at \$50 a copy within a short time, and a second would have been published had not the plates been destroyed by the Boston fire of 1872.

The play now running at the Union Square Theatre illustrates anew the determination of American managers, as a class, to depend for success, not upon the literary quality of the works produced at their houses, but upon the skill of the stagecarpenters and scene-painters in their employ. 'Storm-Beaten,' a melodrama adapted from Robert Buchanan's novel, 'God and the Man,' was produced for the first time in this country on Monday evening last. Mr. Buchanan is known as a poet of very creditable performance, and something was expected of this dramatic venture. As a dramatist, however, he was found to compare rather unfavorably with the playwrights with whom he has challenged comparison—the Pettitt, Merritt, Harris and Jones fraternity, of whom we have had much to say. In all their labors in the interest of the London rough, the New York Bowery boy and the San Francisco hoodlum, they have turned out nothing more improbable, sensational and unpleasant than this same drama, 'Storm-Beaten.'

The Fine Arts

"A History of Ancient Sculpture."*

THE FIRST THING to be noted about Mrs. Mitchell's excellent book is that it comes to fill a crying vacancy on our shelves. No similarly comprehensive work has preceded it within recent years, and the student of the art has had nothing newer than his Lübke to depend upon. This, we believe, received some time ago additions descriptive of recent discoveries; but it was necessary that the whole history of ancient sculpture should be rewritten with greater fulness, since these discoveries not only added to our list of known examples, but were of such a sort as greatly to modify our conception of the art as a whole, and in each and all of its different phases. Mrs. Mitchell's papers in *The Century*, a year or more ago, showed that she was eminently fitted to perform this task, and the completed work now before us is even better than these led us to expect. The author has not drawn her facts and arrived at her conclusions from a study of printed texts alone, but, has made herself inti-

mately acquainted with the monuments themselves by several years of labor in European museums. She has also had the generous advice and assistance of German, French, and English authorities, and her book may be taken therefore as an accurate summary and arrangement of the results of the latest scholarship, and its statements accepted without hesitation. This is the more true since she has no theoretical prejudices to consult, and when a question of any sort is still undecided, or when the doctors of archæology still disagree thereupon, the fact is plainly stated. What she gives us is not an æsthetic essay on ancient sculpture, illustrated by examples and descriptions, but rather a history in the strict sense of the word, tracing with fulness the course of the art from the early days of Egypt down to the time of Constantine, and giving, so far as is possible from ancient printed as well as from extant monumental sources, a *catalogue raisonné* of the known and reputed works of all the artists mentioned. The accompanying notes and references are unusually numerous and valuable, but it seems a mistake to have relegated all of them to the back of the volume. The author's style is clear, pleasing, and correct, without attaining to that last and rarest literary grace which may make a work of the sort delightful reading apart from the instruction it conveys.

The illustrations are sufficiently numerous but vary greatly in excellence. As might be expected, the best woodcuts are those which appeared originally with *The Century* papers. Others, prepared in Germany, apparently with the aim of reproducing the peculiar qualities of American work, are not always successful; and even *The Century* cuts are not quite so satisfactory as they were in the pages of the magazine, because not quite so perfectly printed. It is unfortunate that in a book of this importance it was found necessary—as the author admits it was—to use many cuts long current in the trade, which are often little more than travesties of the works they profess to represent. Still, these minor defects injure but little the value of a work which must be counted among the very few really admirable contributions made of late years in our language to the history of art.

Music

THE FIRST PUBLIC REHEARSAL this season of the Oratorio Society was given at the Academy of Music on Friday afternoon of last week, and the first concert on Saturday evening. An interesting programme was provided, containing Mr. Frederick H. Cowen's sacred cantata, 'St. Ursula,' which was performed for the first time in this country, and Mendelssohn's 'Walpurgis Night.' The soloists were Mrs. Aline Osgood, Miss Hope-Glenn, Mr. Theodore Toedt and Mr. A. E. Stoddart. The Oratorio Society was, as usual, assisted by the orchestra of the Symphony Society, and the combined forces were conducted by Dr. Leopold Damrosch. The active members of the Oratorio Society were by no means fully represented at the rehearsal, and the parts were not well balanced. There was an undue preponderance of sopranos, and the contraltos were almost inaudible in the full choruses.

Of Mr. Cowen's new work, it may be said that it made a fair impression. Much of its effect, however, depends upon the soloists, and the soloists in this instance might have been improved upon. Not many years ago, societies of such musical importance as the Oratorio took pride in securing the best available artists. If there were better singers for certain parts to be found outside of this city, they were sent for. New York at present contains some of the finest artists in the world, and from the available talent in this and other cities, the Oratorio Society might have presented to its patrons a stronger quartet of soloists

* A History of Ancient Sculpture. By Lucy M. Mitchell. With numerous illustrations, including six plates in phototype. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

than appeared on this occasion. Mr. Cowen had been expected here to conduct his own work, but was detained in England by professional engagements. He is favorably known through his popular ballads and his 'Scandinavian Symphony,' which latter has given him a high position among contemporaneous writers for the orchestra. In 'St. Ursula' he has produced a work which—though great neither in intention nor in workmanship—is nevertheless an agreeable composition. There is a great deal of dreary recitative in it, and in the earlier parts a constant straining after peculiar effects. But there is, on the other hand, much melodic sweetness here and there. The composer is happiest in descriptive orchestral effects. The swell of the violin arpeggios in accompaniment to the chorus 'The Sea Winds are Blowing' is highly suggestive. In the description of the Advance of the Huns—perhaps the most vigorous bit of descriptive orchestration—the heavy gallop of the chargers is almost as successfully rendered as the Ride to Hell in Berlioz's 'Damnation of Faust.' So far as chorus and orchestra were concerned, the Saturday night performance was much more satisfactory than the Friday afternoon rehearsal. The 'Walpurgis Night' of Mendelssohn went smoothly and brightly on each occasion.

MME. SEMBRICH has been slowly but surely gaining a hold upon the attention of music lovers in this city, so that to-day she is the strongest attraction on Mr. Abbey's list. Hers is the one fresh voice among his *prime-donne*, and it is a pleasure to hear her sing. She is not yet to be compared with Patti, but she is the one singer now in New York who is likely ever to become her rival. Her performance in the 'Barber of Seville' the other night proved her to be especially adapted to comedy operas. She sang Rossini's music with birdlike ease. But it was in Proch's air, with its famous variations, that she aroused the audience to the highest point of enthusiasm. Such staccato notes have certainly never before been dropped into the ears of a Metropolitan Opera House audience. That she could sing less florid music delightfully was proved in the two German songs that followed. The English ballad was not so well sung, nor was it so worthy of a distinguished artist's efforts. If it were not for this singing lesson act, it would be hard for an audience nowadays to sit out a performance

of 'The Barber.' We know that when that scene comes the *prima-donna* is going to put her best foot foremost.—Signor Stagno does not improve upon acquaintance. His *Almaviva* was a very poor performance, and he sang as though a rope were tied around his neck.

MME. PATTI gave a splendid performance of *Elvira* in 'Ernani' at the Academy of Music on Friday of last week. While we do not find this an interesting opera, some of the music is admirably adapted to her voice. It is no wonder, by the way, that the Academy is always filled when Patti sings.—We were introduced to a new American *prima-donna*, Mlle. Nordica, on Monday night. Gounod's always welcome 'Faust' was sung. Mlle. Nordica has a peculiarly American voice, of much sweetness but little power. Her *mezzo voce* is her strong point; her upper notes her weak point. She made an agreeable though not a profound impression. She is young but has been well taught.

The Book-Exchange.

[UNDER this heading, any reader of THE CRITIC who wishes to exchange one book for another may advertise his wants. No statement will be published unless accompanied, as a guaranty of good faith, by the name and address of the person sending it. But each statement will be numbered, and in cases where the name of the advertiser is not printed, answers addressed to the proper number will be forwarded by THE CRITIC. In such cases a postage-stamp should be sent, to cover the cost of forwarding the answer from this office.—Payment will not be required for a single insertion, but when an advertisement is repeated, each additional insertion will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.]

32.—J. J. Rein's 'Japan,' Vol. I. German. (It is not translated.) Burnouf's 'Buddhisme' (French). St. Hilaire's 'Le Bouddha et sa Religion.' Henri Cordier, Bibliotheca Sinica, Vol. I. and Part I. of Vol. II. The most complete and valuable bibliography of works relating to China. All are new, leaves uncut, and the latest editions. For sale or exchange. Frank S. Dobbins, Allentown, Pa.

33.—Wanted: Nos. 3, 13, and 21 of Vol. I., and Nos. 2, 4, 9, 14, 18, and 20 of Vol. II., of *The Present Century*, a weekly magazine, published at 37 Dey St. New York, in 1879 and 1880. Address Geo. A. Baker, 102 South Michigan St., South Bend, Ind.

34.—Will exchange for medical works, or sell: New Testament, 2 vols., Scott; History of the Literature of Ancient Greece, 3 vols., Müller and Donaldson; Massachusetts in the Rebellion, Headley; Life and Campaigns of Lieut.-Gen. Grant, Headley; Life and Public Services of A. Lincoln, Raymond; Nasby in Exile, Locke; The Writings of Washington, 12 vols., Jared Sparks. All in good condition. Frederick C. Shealdon, M.D., Pasadena, Cal.

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